Jacob Richardson. Junr.

February the 4 1786

03

Purchase R. M. Barrett,
Aug. 3, 1917.

Treble and Tenor.

G	sol
F	saw
E	law
D	sol
C	saw
B	mi
A	law
G	sol
F	saw
E	law

Counter

G	sol
F	saw
E	law
D	sol
C	saw
B	mi
A	law
G	sol
F	saw

The natural place for mi is in B. But

If B be flat mi is in	E.
If B and E. mi is in	A.
If B. E and A. mi is in	D.
If B. E. A and D. mi is in	G.
If F be sharp mi is in	F.
If F and C. mi is in	C.
If F. C and G. mi is in	G.
If F. C. G. and D. mi is in	D.

Bass.

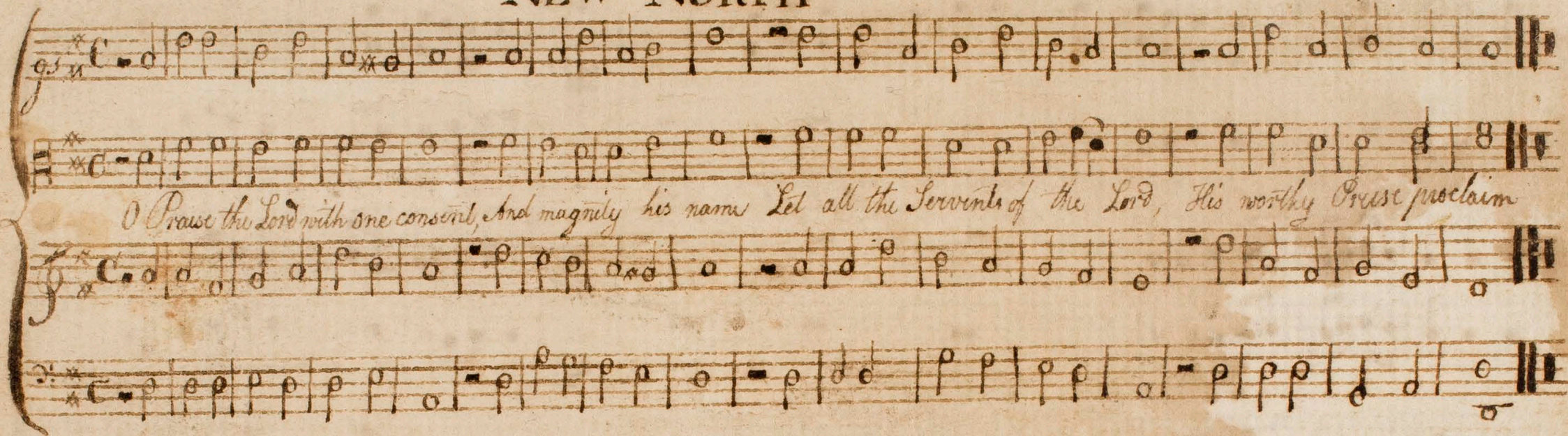
A	law
G	sol
F	saw
E	law
D	sol
C	saw
B	mi
A	law
G	sol

	Notes.	Rests
Semibreve	o	
Minim		
Crotchet		
Quaver		
Semiquaver		
Demisemiquaver		

2 Bars. 4 Bars. 8 Bars

Rests

New North


O Praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name Let all the Servants of the Lord, His worthy Praise proclaim

MAJESTY CM Words by S&H.

The Lord descended from above & bow'd the Heavens most high & under neath his Feet he cast

S.

the Dar....k-ness of the Sky. On Cherubs & on Cherubims full royally he rode & on the wings

of mighty winds came flying all abroad & on the wings &c

Slow Hopewell Words from Dr Watts Lyric poems page 127th

Come Lead me to some Lonely Shade where turtles S: moan the Loves

Tall Shaddows were for Lovers made { and Grief becomes S: The Groves ff:

Phoebus, CM. DW.

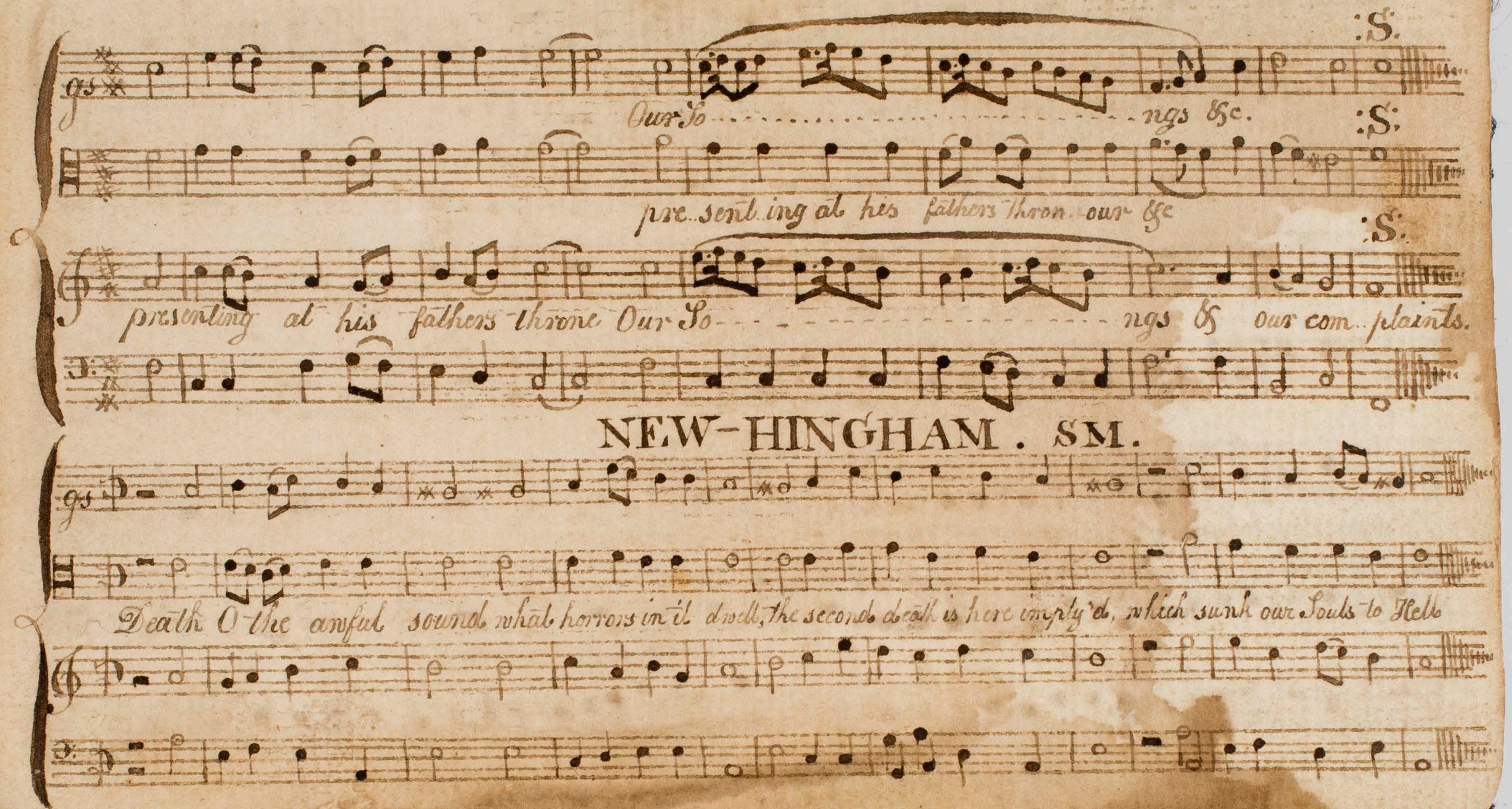
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear, my voice as-cending high to the will I di-rect my prayr

:S:

:S:

To thee lift up mine eye :S: up to the hill where Christ is gone, To plead for all his Saints.

:S:


:S:
Our So ngs &c.
:S:
pre sent ing at his fathers thron our &c
:S:
presenting at his fathers throne Our So ngs & our com plaints.
NEW-HINGHAM. SM.
Death O the awful sound what horrors in it dwell, the second death is here imply'd, which sunk our Souls to Hell

An Anthem „ Solomons Songs „ Chap: 2d. ~

I am the Rose of Sharon & the Lilly of the Vallies.

I am the Rose of Sharon & the Lilly of the Vallies.

As the Apple tree the Apple tree a mong the Trees of the Wo

As the Lilly among the thorns so is my Love among the Daughters.

As the Lilly among the thorns so is my Love among the Daughters.

I sat down &c.

So is my &c.

I sat down &c.

So is my Beloved a mong the Sons

I sat down under his shadow with grea delight

I sat down &c.

And his frui...t was sweet to my taste & his fruit & his fruit &c.

& his fruit & his fruit &c.

& his frui.....t was sweet to my taste

And his fruit & his fruit &c.

& his fruit & his fruit &c.

He brought me to the Banqueting House

Stay me with Flagons

He brought me &c.

Comfort me with

His Banner over me was Love

for I am sick

for I am sic.....k of Love I charge you O ye Daughters of Jerusalem

Apples for I am sick

that you stir not up that you stir not up nor

by the Roes & by the Hinds of the Field that you stir not up

that you stir not up

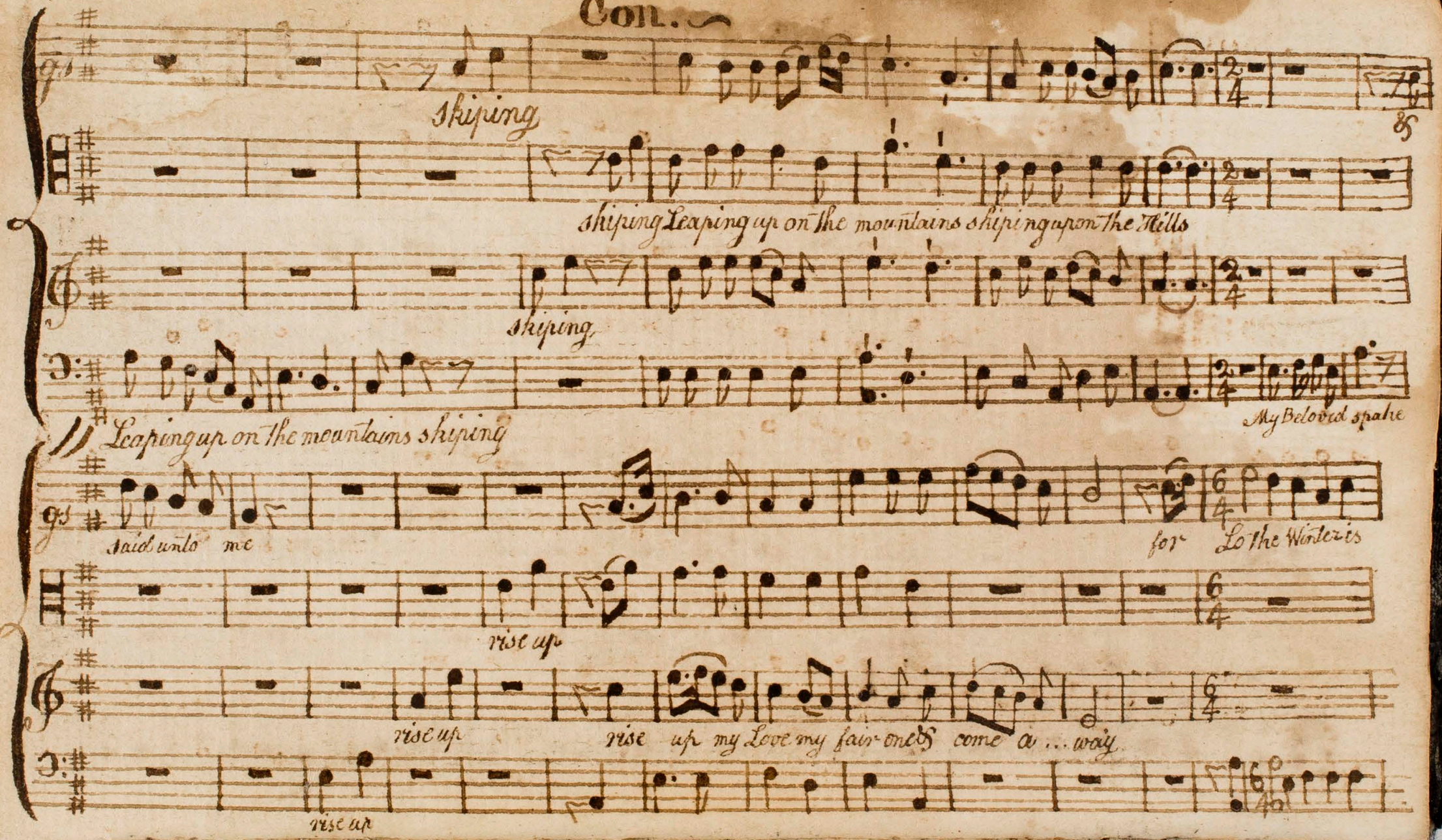
:S:

The voice of my Beloved

A wake :II: :II: :II: my Love till he please :S:

:S:

Beho.. ld he cometh


Con.
skiping
skiping Leaping up on the mountains skiping upon the Hills
skiping
Leaping up on the mountains skiping
My Beloved spake
said unto me
for Lo the Winter is
rise up
rise up
rise up my Love my fair ones come a ... way
rise up

past the rain is over & gone

for lo &c.

the rain is over the rain is over the

S.

S.

rain is over & gone for lo the Winter is past the rain is over & gone.

S.

S.

WASHINGTON

Lord when thou did'st ascend on high Ten thousand Angels fill'd the Sky Ten thousand Angels fill'd Sky

Those heavenly Guards a round the waite like Chariots that at

Those heavenly Guards a round the wait like

Those heavenly Guards a round the waite like Chariots that attend thy state like

Those heavenly Guards a round the wait like Chariots that attend thy state like Chariots that at

tend thy State Those heav'nly Guards a round the wait like Cha . . . . . r

Cha . . . . . r . . . ots Those heav'nly &c. Char'ots that attend thy

Cha . . . . . r . . . ots like Cha . . . . . r . . . ots like

tend thy State Those heav'nly Guards a round the wait like Char'ots that attend thy State Those

1 S. 2

ots like Cha . . . . . r . . . ots &c.

1 S. 2

State Those heav'nly Guards a round the wait &c

1 S. 2

Char'ots that at . . tend thy State like Char'ots that at . . tend thy State.

heav'nly Guards a round the wait like Char'ots &c.

PHILADELPHIA, SM, T, & B.

Let diffring nations join To celebrate thy fame, And all the world O Lord combine, To praise thy Glorious name

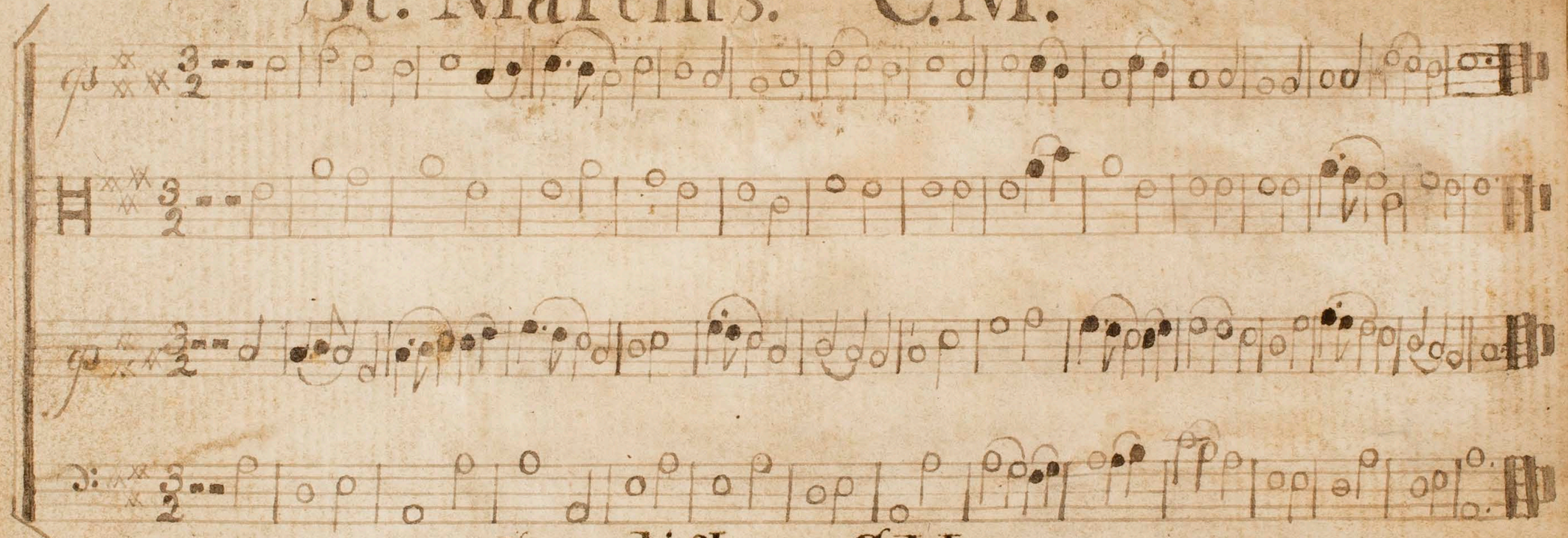
:S: And all the world O Lord com... bine & all the world O Lord combine &c :S:

:S: And all the world O Lord O Lord com... bine & :S:

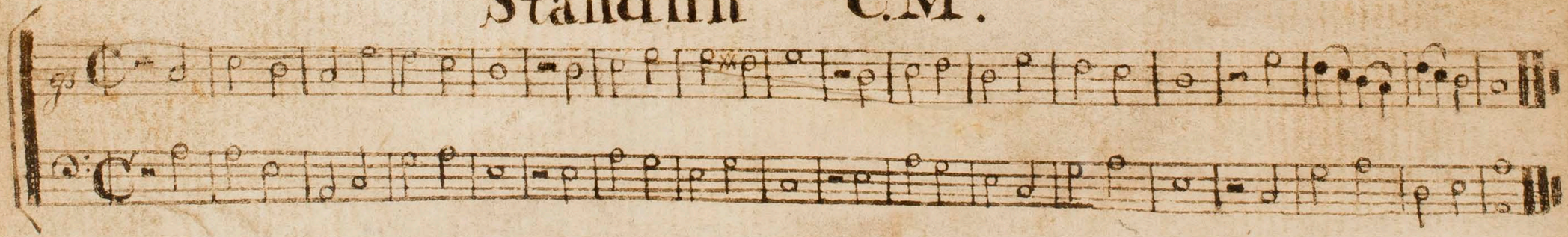
& all the world O Lord combine to prai ..... se O to praise to praise thy Glorious name

And all the world O Lord O Lord &c —

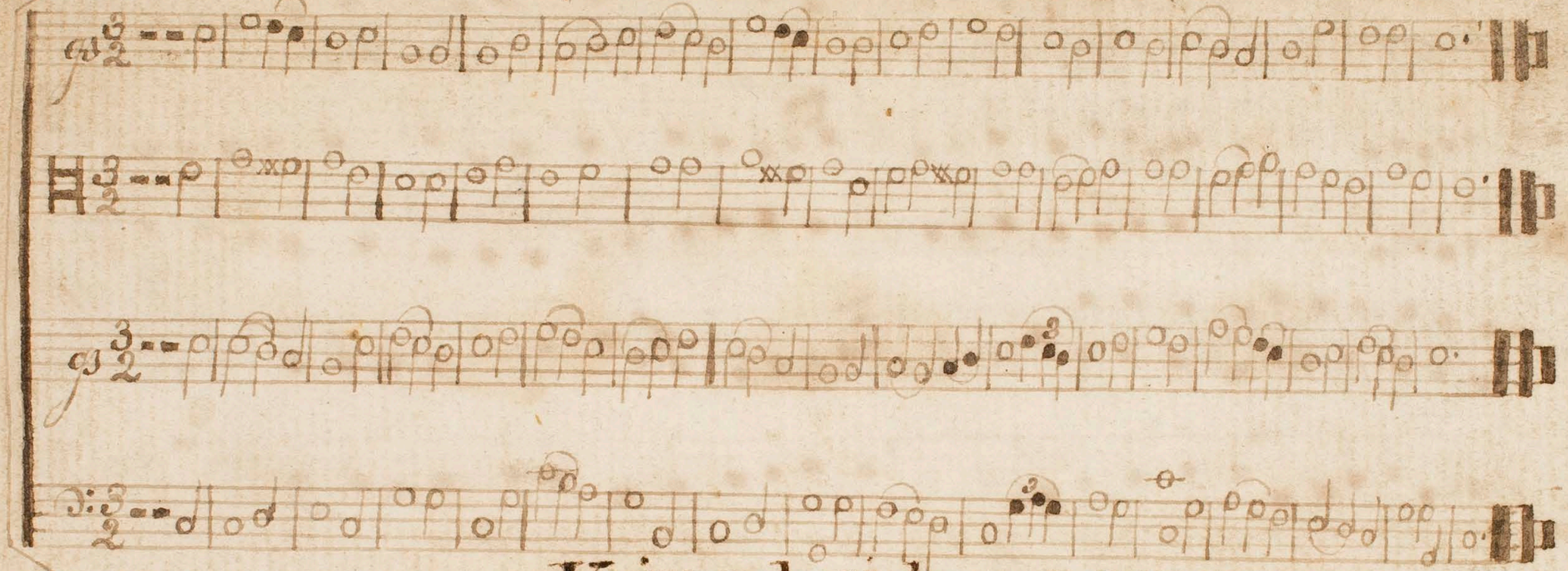
St. Martin's. C.M.



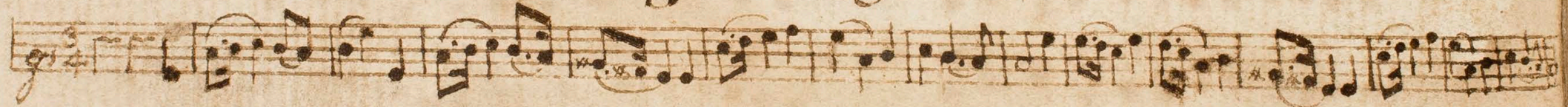
Standish C.M.



All Saints. L.M.



Kingsbridge L.M.



Exeter. CM. DW.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll, Damnation & the dead, What horrors seize the guilty soul upon a dying Bed.

S. S.

Lingering about these mortal shores she makes a Long delay Til like a flood of rapid force Death sweeps the Wretches

S. S.

A Funeral Anthem. Rev^n Chap. 14th

S.

P.S. heard a great Voice from Heav'n saying unto me Write from hence forth Write from hence forth

Write from hence forth Blessed are the Dead Which die in the Lord; Yea saith the spirit

1 S. 2

for they rest for they rest for they rest for they rest from their Labours from their Labours

from their Labours & their Works Which do follow follow follow Which do follow follow them Which do follow

WAREN. GW

Children of the Heav'nly King as ye Journey sweetly sing sing your saviours Worthy praise Glor'ous in his Worthy Ways

Suffolk. LM. DW

Our Spirits bow before thy seat, And worship at thine awful Feet

Bright King of Glory dreadful God To thee we lift an humble thought

Sappho, PM Dr W

When the fierce North Wind With his airy forces, Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury And the red Lightning With a Storm of hail Comes

S:

S:

And the red Lightning With a storm of hail comes And the red Lightning With a Storm of hail Comes Rush ing a man down

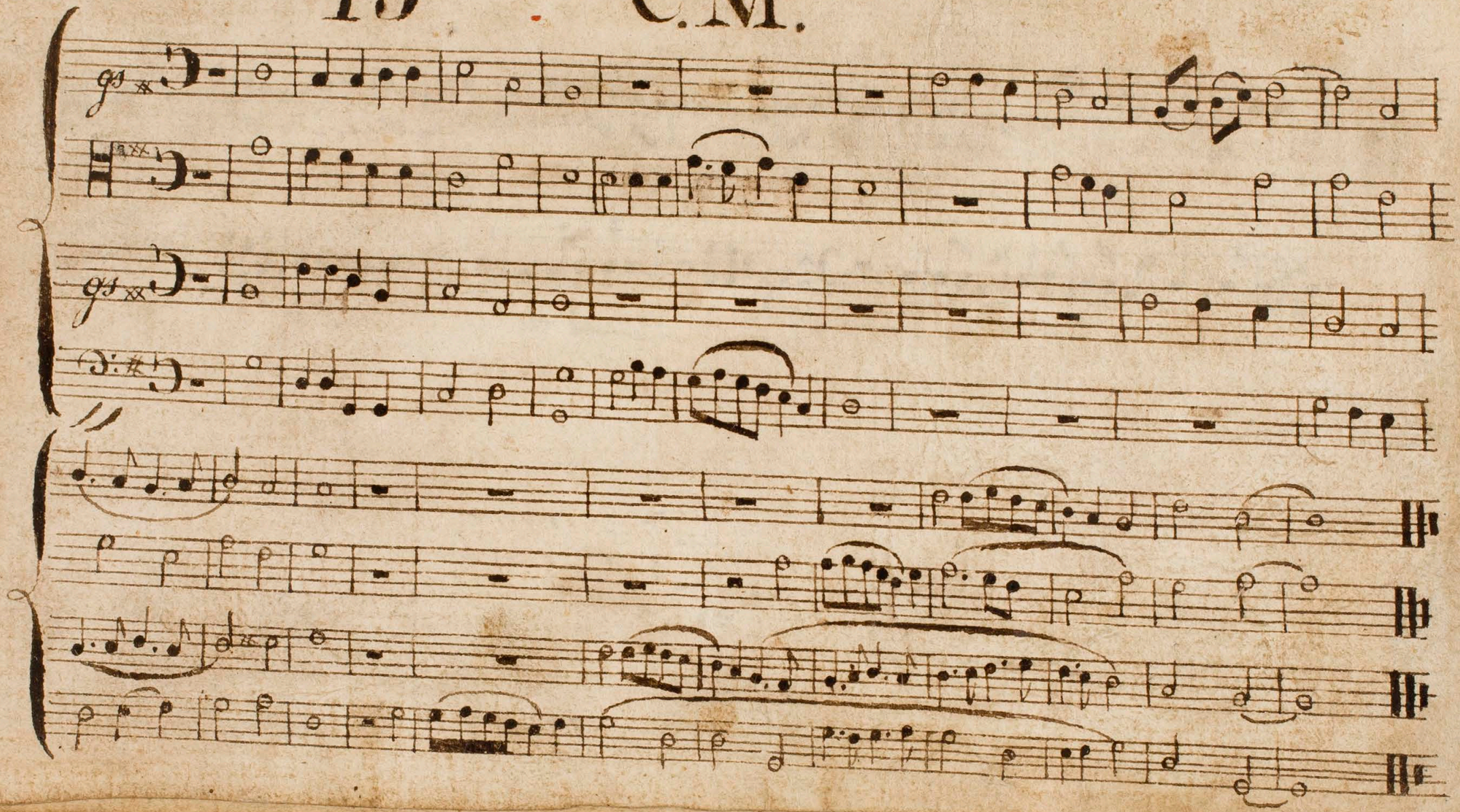
S:

SHERBURNE. P.M. DIV.

How pleasant tis to see, kindred and friends agree, each in their proper Station move,

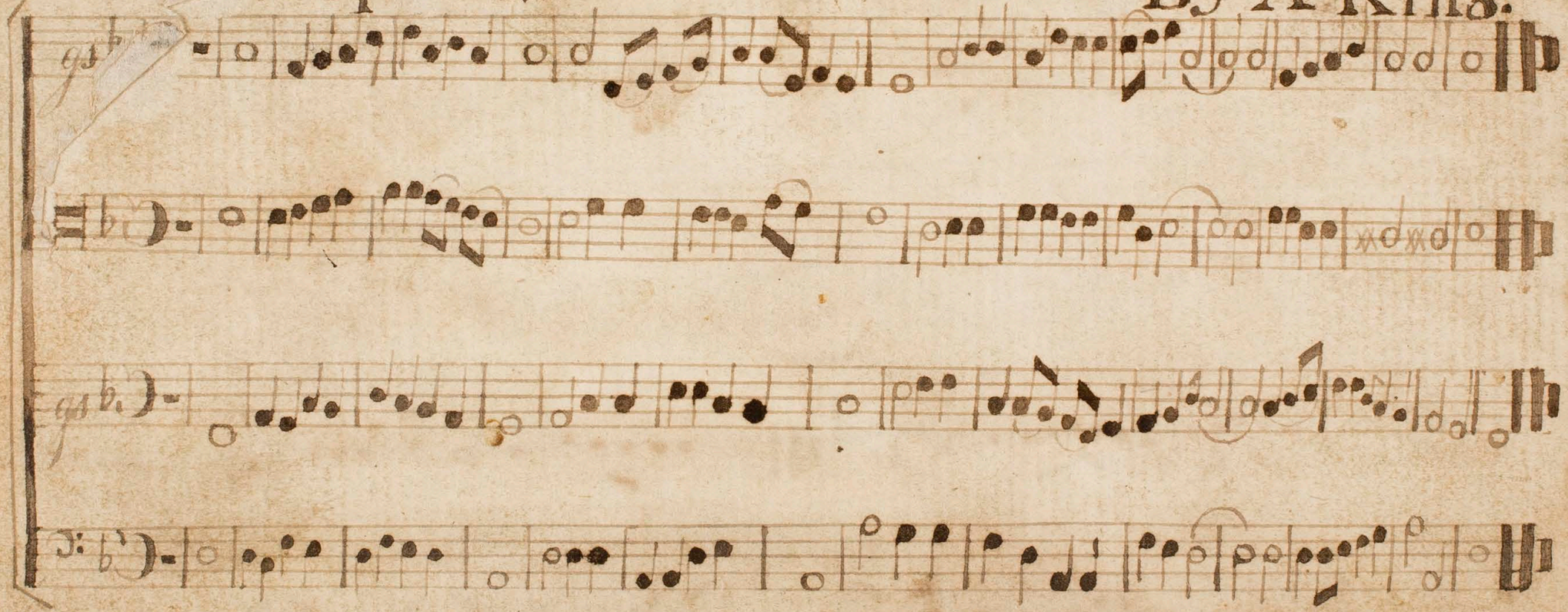
And each fulfil there part, With sympathizing heart, In all the Cares of Life and Love.

15 C.M.



Sophronia.

By A King.



Maryland. S.M. D.W.

S.

And must this body die this mortal frame decay And must these active limbs of mine lie mold'ring in the clay

S.

And must these active limbs of mine lie mold'ring in the Clay Lie mold'ring in The Clay Lie mold'ring in the Clay

And must these active limbs of mine lie mold'ring in the Clay lie &c.

S.

And must these active limbs of mine lie mold'ring in the Clay lie mold....ring in the Clay

limbs of mine lie mold.... ring in the Cla....y And must these active &c.

SPAIN. P.M. D.W.

How pleas'd and blest was I To hear the people Cry. Come let us seek our God to Day;

Yes with a Chearful Zeal, We haste to Zions hill, And there our Vows and honours pay.

VERMONT CM DW.

In Vain we lavish out our lives, To gather empty wind the choicest Blessing earth can yield will starve a hungry mind

:S: :S: :S: eat

:S: Come and the Lord shall feed our souls, with more substantial meat With such as saints in Glory love with such as angels

:S: :S:

Worcester. CM. DW.

How short & hasty are our Lives, How our souls affairs, yet senseless mortals vainely strive, to lavish out their years

:S: 1.:S: 2

:S: 1.:S: 2

Our :S: days run though lessly along, without a moment stay just like a story or a song we pass our Lives away.

:S: 1.:S: 2

Chocksett. PM. DW.

Chocksett. P.M. DW.

Lord of the worlds above How pleasant How fair the dwellings of thy Love, Thine earthly temples are

S.

To thine a bode my heart aspires With warm de...sires To see my God.

S.

1 S. 2

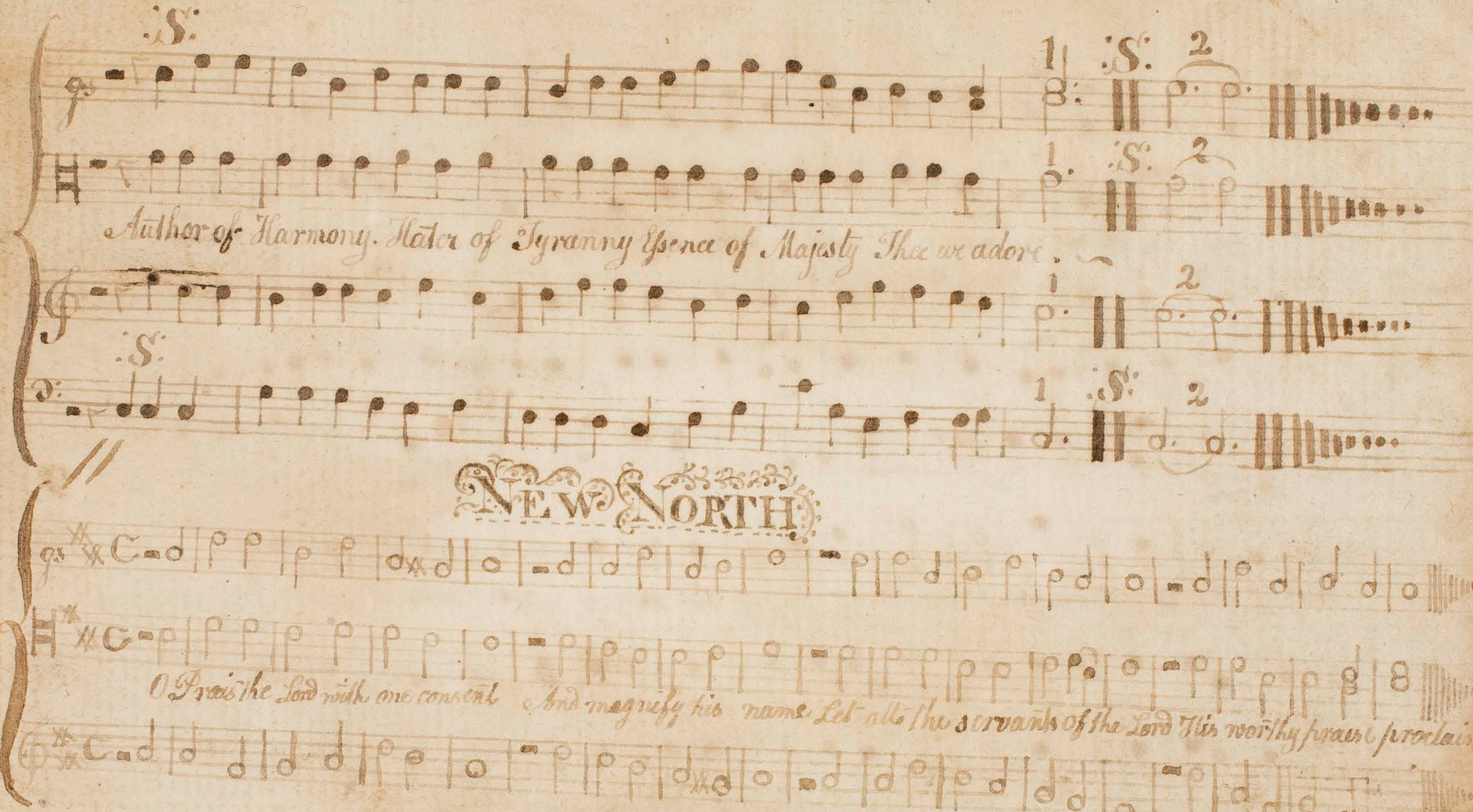
Roxbury. T & B. 149th Psalm.

O praise ye the Lord. prepare your glad voice His praise in the great Assembly to sing in our great Creator let Joy

Baltimore.

Joice. And Children of Sion be glad in there king

Father of mercies thou fountain of Graces one God. ever-more


S.
1
S.
2
Author of Harmony. Maker of Tyranny Essence of Majesty Thee we adore.
S.
1
S.
2
NEW NORTH
O Praise the Lord with one consent And magnify his name Let all the servants of the Lord His worthy praises proclaim
D

RICHMOND PM

My Beloved hast away, Sick of Love for thee I Languish Fail my Soul at thy Delay

Feels a Dying Lovers anguish Quickly Quickly Jesus Come, O make my Breast thy native Home